

BURNED TO DEATH

Awful Fate of a Father and His Two Daughters.

The Mother Burned So That She Will Also Probably Die.

Pinned in by Flames and Destroyed in Firemen's Sight.

Fifty Lives Were Saved—Story of a Tenement-House Fire.

Three persons were burned to death, one will probably die from injuries, and many more were seriously injured, in a fire shortly after 10 o'clock this morning in the tenement-house at the corner of Hester and Allen streets.

The victims are a father and two daughters. BENJAMIN JARVIS, aged 57, NANCY JARVIS, aged 19, and ALICE JARVIS, aged 17, were the victims of the fire. The building in which the fire broke out is amply provided with fire-escapes, but the building was divided into half floors, and those living in the rear were cut off entirely from exit by the fire-escapes.

It was at 10 o'clock when Policeman William Rogers, of the E. 12th street station, saw the smoke of the big tenement, which is numbered 87, on Allen street, and 84 on Hester street, on fire.

He immediately ran around the corner to Canal street, where, at the corner of Canal and Hester, he located, and gave the alarm.

The firemen hurried to the spot without delay, but the fire had the start of them by at least ten minutes.

The whole building was in flames. The firemen could not get up, and the unfortunate inmates could not get down.

The latter, wherever they went, found themselves hemmed in by a wall of fire.

They shrieked in despair. They had sought safety on the fire-escapes, but the flames had burned them from the top.

The people were crowded and huddled together on the fire-escapes, but they were too frightened to make use of the ladders. They could only shriek and moan.

Suddenly a shout of joy went up. Assistant Fireman Buell, of the Hook and Ladder Company, ordered a forty-five foot ladder raised, and he himself was the first to climb to the rescue of the perishing, followed closely by Fireman Higgins.

One by one he lifted the limp forms of helplessness, and carried them to the ground. He passed them to the firemen, who were waiting to receive them. He then turned to the rescue of the perishing, followed closely by Fireman Higgins.

For two hours the firemen were busy in subduing the flames. The damage to the building was estimated at \$10,000. When all were counted three people were missing. They were the Jarvis, father and daughter.

The family comprised, besides two sons, Abraham, aged nine, and Harry, aged sixteen, and the mother.

Both boys were badly burned, the latter's hand being almost eaten away by flames in his attempt to save his mother, who also received injuries from which she will probably die.

There were two other families in the building. One of them was a family of five. The father occupied a half door in the rear of the top story. They were asleep and did not know of their danger until their beds had caught fire.

They were almost suffocated when aroused, and in their confusion rushed for the hall. As soon as the door was open the wind blew in a gust of hot, blinding black smoke. They could not see the door again.

Fire came up through the door. It was a horrible situation—flooded back by smoke on one side, and danger of being roasted alive on the other.

The fire-escape could not be reached. The door dividing the floor was locked, and perched on the other side by a heavy bedstead. Their shrieks and cries attracted no adequate attention, and there was no helping hand near.

The door finally yielded to the assaults of heroic young Harry Jarvis, and pushing aside the bedstead, he dragged his mother to the fire-escape, and called to his father and sisters and little brother to follow him.

After seeing his mother safe in the hands of one of the rescuers, he came back to lead the way for the others.

He then found his brother crawling on the floor, almost overcome by smoke, and, taking him in his arms, he took him to the fire-escape.

"There was so much smoke by this time, and the flames burned so fiercely around me," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "that I did not venture back a hair."

"I called to my father and sisters, 'Where are you?' and receiving no answer, I concluded that they had passed me without my having noticed them in the clouds of smoke."

Assistant Fireman Rogers says he found the charred bodies of the victims near the rear window where they had evidently gone in the hope of escaping suffocation. The father was in a sprawling position in front of the window, half of his body leaning out, as if he had been trying to get some fresh air.

The girls did not get as far as the open window, and they did not sink down exhausted and unconscious where they were found. It is the opinion of the firemen that the direct cause of death of all three was suffocation.

The bodies were badly burned, but it is thought that the poor creatures did not suffer the torture of having their flesh literally burned off. They were dead before the flames touched them.

The bodies were removed to the Morgue, and Mrs. Jarvis, who was burned about the arms, legs and hands and injured internally, was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where she is reported to be dying.

There were many thrilling rescues. The people had no time for fear or pity. They rushed to the fire-escapes in their night clothes.

Several other people were burned and otherwise injured, but none were said to be very seriously injured except Harry Jarvis, whose hand was terribly scorched.

A. Alexander had a liquor store and M. Schenck had a store in the lower part of the building, and it is said that the fire started in one of these places.

From other sources it is said that the flames originated in the cellar.

As the lower staircase was seen first to be on fire by Policeman Rogers, it is most likely that the flames broke out in the cellar or hallway back of Alexander's store.

The flames carried the flames rapidly upward, and in a few minutes the whole house was on fire. The firemen say it must have burned ten minutes before it was discovered.

Two alarms were sent in, and Chief Bonner and his men were on the ground for five hours. The entire loss to building and tenants will not exceed \$10,000, yet the fire has made many poor people poorer, as the few things most of the inmates possessed were all in the world.

The building is owned by J. R. Griswold, a clerk in the office of the Board of Health. The Jarvis were very poor. The father was a Russian. He was employed as a tailor at John's, at the corner of Hester and Allen streets. It was reported at noon that Philip Schenck, a buttonhole-maker, aged forty-six, who boarded with Solomon Goldstein, was missing and had perished in the flames.

570 LIVES LOST.

The Utopia Horror Far Greater Than First Reported.

880 People Thrown Into the Gale-Driven Waters.

A British Flagship's Iron Frow Did the Awful Mischief.

FIFTY CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.

GLIMPS, March 12.—A. S. A. M.—It is now reported that 880 lives were lost through the foundering of the Anchor line steamship Utopia last evening at Gibraltar, and even these figures may be raised, since it is too early to make an accurate and positive statement.

There were 880 people on the lost steamer, of whom about seven hundred were Italian emigrants bound for New York.

Boats of men, women and children are being washed ashore, forming ghastly groups along the Spanish coast. In some cases the bodies came in, in others two would float up, one clasped in the arms of the other, as if portions of some little family of emigrants had, in the last moments, sought to die close together.

It is now stated that the British ironclad Roraima, which was on duty at the time, did not have anything to do with the sinking of the Utopia, but that the vessel which did the fatal work was the ship-ship Anson, of the Channel Squadron, Rear-Admiral Lottin F. Jones.

The ram of the Anson tore a hole thirty feet long in the side of the Utopia, near the stern. The injured vessel sank within ten minutes, going down stern first, the funnel and masts showing just above the water.

A heavy southwesterly gale was blowing at the time, and the tremendous seas washed everything movable or loose.

The boats of the British squadron were immediately lowered.

The launch of the gunboat Immortalite was wrecked and several sailors were drowned while on their way to the assistance of the struggling wreckers who were being tossed about in the waters near the sunken steamship.

The Utopia went down off Haggerd Reef, and remains the British gunboats in the Gibraltar harbor. There was also the Swedish mail-war Freya, which went down and boats to work to rescue.

From 180 to 200 people are believed to have been picked up by men from the gunboats, while others escaped to shore by various means.

Great aid was derived from the use of the electric lights, with which the British fleet is provided, the scene of the wreck being fully illumined and many thus saved who would otherwise have been drowned in the confusion and darkness of the night.

The boats of the squadron were engaged all night in cruising about, picking up bodies and rescuing survivors.

Even the most moderate estimates admit that two-thirds of the entire crew or of people carried by the Utopia were drowned.

Among those saved were Capt. Mackenzie, the doctor and the steward.

A. M.—Up to the present time 331 people have been saved, while thirty-two corpses have been picked up.

The authorities and citizens are doing all in their power to relieve the shipwrecked passengers.

One lady, a saloon passenger, has been saved, but the second officer and Charles G. Davis, of Boston, also a saloon passenger, are missing.

The divers of the British fleet are at work about the wrecked vessel.

The officers and crew of the Utopia are saved.

LONDON, March 12.—The agents of the Anchor line have received the following telegram from Gibraltar:

"The Utopia struck the engine-room, the stern sinking in five or six minutes in seven fathoms of water."

It is difficult to ascertain exact numbers, but 130 Italian are known to be saved.

There are 172 survivors on board the men-of-war in the rendezvous, but on account of heavy gale now prevailing it is impossible to obtain names.

No information regarding the terrible disaster at Gibraltar has been received at the New York office of Henderson Brothers, the agents for the Anchor Line, N.Y. 110 West Street.

There has not been any inquiry here as to the fate of the Utopia, who may have had friends abroad in the United States.

Neither had the agents a register of the officers of the Utopia. It was only known there that Capt. McKee was in command and that there were 172 survivors on board.

Capt. McKee was a member of the Utopia, and he was without friends or money, that he could find no employment, and that, being tired of life, they had decided to kill themselves.

He said that it was his wish when they had been shipwrecked that they should not be turned over to the surgeons, but that they should be allowed to die.

Mrs. Dix, landlady of the house, told an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning that the couple engaged rooms there about ten weeks ago.

They had only been in the country about six months, and were evidently respectable, though poor. The husband was tall, broad-shouldered, one looking man about forty years old, and his wife was a pretty, blonde-haired woman, several years younger than he.

They had been married for some time, and for which they paid \$50 a week, and did their own housekeeping. At that time Mrs. Dix said that Dick was employed in a restaurant in Canal street as a waiter.

The newcomers had very little to do with the other lodgers in the house, and nothing was heard of their previous history, except that Dick once had had money, but lost it and tried to kill himself. The wound on that occasion destroyed the sight of one eye.

A disturbance caused him to lose his position in the restaurant, and he was since been unable to get any employment. His wife went out to work in one of the three or four restaurants in the neighborhood, and he was since been unable to get any employment.

She had heard Mrs. Dix, crying bitterly for several hours, and when she had knocked at the door there was no response.

The landlady went upstairs and heard the woman's loud sobs, and tried to open the door, but it was locked. She called to the policeman and the doctor and the firemen, but they were unable to get in.

A party eight men went to the front room with axes and tried to break in, but they were unable to do so. A fireman went to the front room and found the woman's body, and she was found lying on the floor, her head against the door, and her arms outstretched as if she were dead.

The landlady said that she was very sorry for the couple, but she was unable to do anything for them.

"CONNFELD'S FOLLY" BURNED

A Fire in Bleeker Street That Cost Nearly Two Millions.

The Most Destructive Blaze That New York Has Seen in Many Years.

A Corion of police from Capt. Brogan's Mercantile police station guarded the approaches to Bleeker street, between Mercer and Green streets, this morning, and driven were detaining the smoking ruins left from the most destructive fire seen in New York for years.

The fire started in the big ten-story building at Bleeker and Green streets, known as "Connfeld's Folly," at 10 o'clock last night, and before it was gotten under control laid in ruins three of the four ten-story buildings on Bleeker street between Mercer and Green, and also the two tall buildings at 107 Mercer street and 107 Green street, involving a total loss of nearly \$2,000,000, and requiring the constant services of over half of the city's fire department for nearly four hours.

The occupants of the burned buildings and their estimated losses are as follows:

Alfred Benjamin & Co., clothing manufacturers, 104 and 106 Bleeker street, \$750,000. S. W. McDaniel, of Chicago, owner of the Connfeld building, occupied by Benjamin & Co., \$2,000,000.

M. H. Rosenber, feather, 101 Bleeker street, \$100,000. C. O. C. Co., 95 and 100 Bleeker street, \$100,000.

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